The poets have not exaggerated its beauty, or completed its panegyric. They have called it the "Daughter of Heaven;" Ornament of the earth;" Glory of Spring;" but what expressions could ever do justice to the charms of this beautiful flower.

"Queen of fragrance! lovely rose,
Thy soft and silken leaves disclose;
The winter's past, the tempests fly,
Soft gales breathe gently through the sky;
The silver dews and genial showers
Call forth a blooming waste of flowers;
And lo! thy beauties now unclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose!"

The Rose mingles with our festivities, our joys, and our griefs. Modesty borrows its delicate blush—it is given as the prize of virtue—it is the image of youth, innocence, and pleasure. It is consecrated to Venus, and like her possesses a grace more exquisite than beauty itself; it is the commonest of all flowers—the emblem of all ages—the interpreter of all our feelings.

"While we invoke the wreathed Spring,
Resplendent Rose! to thee we'll sing;
Resplendent Rose! the flower of flowers,
Whose breath perfumes Olympus' bowers.
Whose virgin blush of chasten'd dye,
Enchants so much our mortal eye;
When pleasure's blooming season glows,
The graces love to twine the Rose;

Oft has the poet's magic tongue
The Rose's fair luxuriance sung;
And long the muses, heavenly maids,
Have reared it in their tuneful shades;
When at the early glance of morn
It steps upon the glittering thorn:
'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,
To cull the timid floweret thence,
And wipe with tender hand away
The tear that on its blushes lay!
'Tis sweet to hold the infant stems
Yet drooping with Aurora's gems,
And fresh inhale the spicy skies,
That from the weeping buds arise,
When revel reigns and mirth is high,
And Bacchus beams in every eye,
Our rosy fillets scent exhale
And fill with balm the fainting gale!
Oh! there is naught in nature bright
Where roses do not shed their light!
When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes,
And when at length, with pale decline
Its florid beauties fade and pine,
Sweet as in youth its balmy breath
Diffuses odour e'en in death!
O, whence could such a plant have sprung?
Attend—for thus the tale is sung:—
When humid from the silvery stream,
Effusing beauty's warmest beam,
Venus appeared in flushing hues,
Mellow'd by ocean's briny dews;
When in the starry courts above
The pregnant brain of mighty Jove,
Disclose the nymph of azure glance—
The nymph who shakes the martial lance,